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THE BAYONET



January Number

1926

THE BAYONET

VOL. XX FORT DEFIANCE, VA., JANUARY, 1926. No 2

Published Monthly by the Cadets of the Augusta Military Academy

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RESOLUTIONS are such a popular thing to talk about at this time of the year that we stand between an aversion to triteness on the one hand, and on the other, the incongruity of a January issue of anything, without at least a few words about the new year in it. And pray what can an amateur editor write about the new year except resolutions?

Slipping a "Life Saver" into our mouths, we take a deep breath and plunge into the Rubicon.

Someone recently said that he wasn't going to make any new resolutions because he hadn't used the ones he made the year before. We suppose he intended to be humorous, but really he got down pretty deep. Everybody makes resolutions. It's the style—and then it gives a fellow a sort of virtuous feeling. Usually, however, they get up the morning of January second, kick the cat down the stairs, throw their cup of coffee across the room because it's cold, attempt to assassinate the furnace man, and perhaps even go as far as reading the stock market quotations while wifie is telling about the ermine coat she saw in Altman's window. In this way a fellow can make one set of resolutions last a lifetime and not have to go to all the trouble of making up new ones every year. Convenient, but not very helpful to the cat, furnace man, or to wifie.

How about this? Make one good resolution—a real good one—and stick to it. Then next year make another, the next another, and so on. You may resolve to kick the cat only half-way down the stairs until this becomes a habit; next, totally abstain from murdering the furnace man; and, finally, pretend to

listen attentively while wifie eulogizes fur coats. (What? You're not married? Then kindly dry up and take a back seat.)

Kind subscriber, we trust that this suggestion will help you in the new year. As for ourselves—well, we don't keep a cat, our house is heated by wood stoves, we hate coffee, and we wouldn't get married on a bet. So we have fixed up another system: We resolve to do all the things we want to do (and oughtn't to). Then we break all of our resolutions from force of habit and lead the life of perfect angels all year.

—F. R. G.

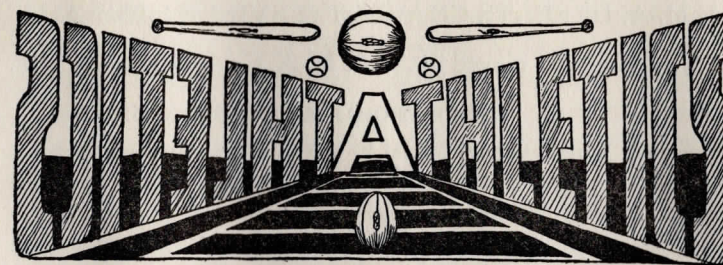
THE Y. M. C. A., through the efforts of Capt. Webb, has gotten more snap and life into it than ever before. Speakers of ability from all the country around, faculty members, or members of the corps take part in every meeting, while special music is provided at each meeting. For this reason we believe that the old custom of compelling the new cadets to attend should be discontinued. This custom is the only relic of the old Y. M. C. A.—a relic which is an indicator pointing to a stark inefficiency and dullness which no longer exist. If "rats" should not be forced to go, then the "Y" would become what it ought to be—a REAL organization.

THE BAYONET is your paper. If you don't like it—or anything in it—just say so. The editors really do not suffer from an inferiority complex, and it is fairly unlikely that they will commit suicide upon receiving your criticisms! so go ahead and criticise. If you are an alumnus, write and tell us what you think, good or bad, about our paper. We want to know if you would favor more serious matter, and less humor, and if the general way the paper is gotten out appeals to you. Come on; We're waiting to hear what you've got to say!

WE ARE VERY SORRY to learn that some of our friends have objected to the clean, harmless jokes which have appeared in THE BAYONET. We have tried to make the "jokes" section

one of the most attractive parts, but if we can't get any more co-operation than this we will be forced to pull these jokes on some insignificant person—say the Prince of Wales or Calvin Coolidge—which would mean very little to either the cadets or anyone else. We sincerely hope that no one has been offended to such an extent that they cannot forget. If so we most humbly apologize.

—THE EDITORS.



A. M. A. OVERWHELMS S. C. I. BY 37-15 COUNT

ON JANUARY 9th, playing S. C. I. off their feet in their first game of the 1926 season, A. M. A. swept to a one-sided victory, to the tune of 37-15. The Augusta team showed speed and teamwork which has been seen but a few times on this floor.

Taylor started the game with a basket in the first fifteen seconds of play, followed by several more markers in quick succession. S. C. I. never took the lead after the first counter had been marked up—in fact not scoring but one point in the first half. Coach Brown substituted the second team for the first, and they played very creditable basketball. The second team really didn't get started until the beginning of the second half, but once started they did "considerable execution."

A. M. A. began the second half with a rush, scoring four straight counters before S. C. I. broke in with a score. Coach Brown substituted the first team for the second, which kept up the steady drive until the end of the game. When the smoke had cleared from the field of battle, A. M. A. had advanced 37 points to S. C. I.'s 15.

Line-up:

A. M. A.—37	Position	S. C. I.—15
Jacob	l. f.	Ream
Taylor	r. f.	Schiffer
Conway	c.	Gricohumus
Reist	r. g.	Allegouh
Diddlebock	l. g.	Warren

A. M. A. DEFEATS CHARLOTTESVILLE HIGH 20-12

The game was played in the A. M. A. Gym on January 11th.

FIRST QUARTER

Fulton scored for A. M. A. in the first few seconds of play. He was followed by Burch who scored one point for Charlottesville. Randolph then steps out for A. M. A. and Burch again scores for Charlottesville. The first quarter ended with hard playing on both sides, the score being A. M. A. 4, C. H. S. 3.

SECOND QUARTER

After the first three minutes of play Capt. Brown sends in the first team, who remain until the end of the game. Burch again scores for Charlottesville, followed closely by Jacob. Time out; Jacob scores one point for A. M. A., Diddlebock scores, Greaver scores for C. H. S. Half ends; Score, A. M. A. 9-C. H. S. 6.

THIRD QUARTER

A. M. A. scores; Coleman, of Charlottesville scored two points. Time out—Conway W. gets hurt, but remains in game. "Fight 'em Bill" Taylor scores one point followed by Coleman of C. H. Third quarter ends; A. M. A. 12-C. H. S. 8.

FOURTH QUARTER

Lynch is substituted for Taylor, Jacob scores, followed by Lynch, Jacob again. Spitzer makes one point for C. H. S. Charlottesville scores one more point. Reist scores a field goal, and Charlottesville makes one more point. Quarter ends.

Final score: A. M. A. 20—C. H. S. 12. "Get 'em Key-dets!"

The line-up was as follows:

A. M. A.	Position	C. H. S.
Randolph	r. f.	Spitzer
Lynch	l. f.	Jessup
Williams, C.	c.	Greader
Fulton	r. g.	Burch
Runnels	l. g.	Coleman

Between the halves we were entertained by several boxing matches, the first taking place between "Wildcat" Lathrop and "Spike" Meyers. "Wildcat" steps out the first round, but "Spike" comes back strong in the second. At the end of the third, Capt. Ott decides that he's had enough, so "Wildcat" and "Spike" shake on it and part friends. This was one of the most spectacular and thrilling events which has taken place this year and we predict great futures for both participants.

Walker and Bright, and Tannehill and Pratt *also* boxed.

W. & L. FRESHMEN DEFEAT A. M. A. 33-18

The game started with fast playing on both sides with Reist scoring for A. M. A., Groop being the first to score for W. & L. The ball was kept in W. & L. territory most of the time. Randolph was substituted for Taylor. Ebert scores for W. & L., four on W. & L., Diddlebock shoots for one point. Time out for A. M. A. Lowry, Ebert and Groop score for W. & L., foul on A. M. A., Groop shoots for one point. Jacobs takes ball down floor and is hurt in attempt to shoot goal. Time out, Augusta; Jacob remains in game and Diddlebock scores one point, Edwards scores for W. & L., followed by Ebert. Blakemore and Fulton were substituted for Reist and Diddlebock. Jacob scores for A. M. A. by making shot from center of floor. Mann, F. is substituted for Ebert, and Sproul for Loudern, Williams for Conway and Lynch for Randolph; brisk playing on both sides, neither team scoring. End of first half: W. & L.-13, A. M. A.-7.

The last half starts with Lowry and Groop scoring for W. & L. and Lynch for A. M. A. Williams scores for A. M. A. Reist and Diddlebock are substituted for Blakemore and Lynch. Diddlebock scores one point. In the following five minutes of play W. & L. scored thirteen points and A. M. A. scored six. Slater is substituted for Williams, Slater scores. Marrow is substituted for Slater.

Lowry scores one point for W. & L. followed by Jacob, who scores one point for A. M. A. End of game. Score: W. & L.-33, A. M. A.-18.

Line-up:

W. & L.	Position	A. M. A.
Ebert	r. f.	Taylor
Lowry	l. f.	Jacob
Edwards	c.	Conway, W.
Lowden	r. g.	Reist
Groop	l. g.	Diddlebock

During the half the school orchestra played and as an added attraction "Collegiate" Meyers and "Cake" Gatewood gave a demonstration of "The Charleston."

WRESTLING



WRESTLING, this year, has unfortunately gotten away to a slow start on account of the difficulty in getting the necessary number of candidates out for the different classes. This has been due chiefly to the loss of so many men from last year's team, Pryor being the only monogram man back. At a meeting of the wrestling candidates held before Christmas, Pryor was elected to captain the team and Holsinger has been appointed assistant captain. Both of these men are very capable and will form a nucleus around which the team can be built. The material in the lighter classes is abundant and is showing up well. Those heavy-weights who are out are rounding into form nicely, but the number out for these classes is not large enough to give these men as much work as they should have. It seems that there should be more than two men in school who weight over 170 pounds out for wrestling. Why don't some of you big men show that old 'Gusta spirit and help your school along?

As to the matter of meets, four have been scheduled so far; two with Washington & Lee Freshmen, and two with the V. M. I. Freshmen. There will be no meets with Fishburne this year for they have dropped wrestling, but there is a possibility of getting a meet with E. H. S., who, for the first time, have placed wrestling on their athletic curriculum. Efforts are also being made to ascertain whether or not Greenbrier Military Academy has a wrestling team, and, if so, to schedule a meet with them. Other prep schools in this vicinity have not, up to this time, taken up wrestling.

Although handicapped by inexperience, we are expecting a good season, and what we lack in experience we will make up for in fight and determination.

—CAPT. GLENDY.

SWIMMING

ALMOST fifty men responded when Capt. Deane called for swimmers, immediately after the holidays, and the tryouts started at once. Unfortunately the squad must be reduced to about fifteen before regular practice begins, as the Augusta "mermen" are forced to travel to Staunton for a pool and the means of transit is a truck with the above capacity. As Coach Deane remarked when he met the men, we are a seeming paradox—a swimming team without a place to swim. For that reason we should be all the more proud of our record and all the more anxious to keep it up for another year.

So let's all work hard and uncomplainingly, and not get out of patience or discouraged when the weather is bad or the pool cold, or when Capt. Deane tells us to swim more laps than we think necessary. Let the world see again what the Augusta spirit can do against odds, as we crash through for another state championship.

"VIRGINIA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1926"

how would that look on a blue and white pennant, fellows?



AFTER a pleasant Christmas vacation the corps is now ready to get down to business, to keep the silver star.

Drill before the Christmas holiday consisted mostly of company drill, with a little extended order and a few guard mounts.

Major Roller has started a custom this year, which from the looks of things, now seems to be a very good one. After the manner of West Point and Annapolis, on rainy days when drill is impossible all the new cadets are taken down to the gymnasium and given dancing lessons by the company commanders and first sergeants.

On or about January 30th, the film showing the cadet life at Camp Clinton, West Point, New York, will be shown here.

The major part of January will be devoted to practice marches and gallery practice. At an early date third year tactics will begin map sketching, and second year tactics will take up the automatic rifle in the near future also, and fourth year tactics on the machine gun.



FOOTBALL BANQUET AT STONEWALL JACKSON HOTEL

INFORMAL DANCE FOLLOWS

Cadet C. B. Slemph, III, was the host at the annual football banquet, which was given at the Stonewall Jackson Hotel, Saturday night, December eleventh. This affair was enjoyed to the utmost by those attending and is marked as a huge success.

The banquet hall was very beautifully decorated with running ivy from the chandeliers and running along the center of the tables. Several delicious courses were served.

Those attending were: Maj. and Mrs. Roller, Capt. and Mrs. Deane, Capt. Glendy, the entire varsity squad, Capt. Ott's Junior Varsity, and the Augusta Melodians.

"Yank" Collier was introduced as the Captain of the 1926 team, and Frank Humbert as the Assistant Captain. Afterwards short talks were made by Maj. Roller, Capt. Deane and Glendy and Cadet Slemph.

After the banquet a little informal dance was held, attended by several of the "fairest" from Stuart Hall and Staunton. The Augusta Melodians furnished the music for this delightful occasion.

—C. F. W.

THE MIDWINTER HOPS are scheduled for February the twelfth and thirteenth. The Thanksgiving dances were so successful, that the same plan is to be followed with these—that is, the formal will be held on Friday night and the informal will be a dansant Saturday afternoon. No orchestra has been definitely secured yet, but negotiations are in progress.

Knocks and Knic-Knacks THE ROVER BOYS AT SCHOOL

OR

FUN IN AND AROUND THE BARRACKS

(By DICKY BROWN)

"So this is A. M. A.," cried Dick Rover as "Hawkeye" Arnold spun the wheel of his car in the direction of the front arch. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor scrambled eggs a Chocolate Shake," cried the fun-loving Tom—smart as a steel trap—as he playfully turned a few handsprings and landed gracefully upon the running board.

After much fumbling and foolishness the boys were assigned to their rooms by the O. D. Then they were issued their uniforms by Capt. Gallagher, at whose expense they had several good laughs.

Football practice started immediately after the opening of school and Dick and Sam easily made the team, Tom being unanimously elected cheer leader.

* * * * *

The fatal day arrived. A. M. A. was playing the "Mt. Sidney Terrors" and both teams were in the pink of condition. The stands were filled with at least ten thousand spectators. Dick easily recognized Dora Stanhope waving a handkerchief and he threw her a kiss, almost knocking down Jim Shorts who was in the act of lining the field.

The Terrors won the toss-up and they (after much quarreling) decided to make the kick off. Furious and yet more furious grew the game, until at the end of the third quarter the score stood:

TERRORS-38, A. M. A.-0

Besides Dick and Sam all the players had been knocked out, so A. M. A. had to put the "Minnows" in as substitutes.

"Time out!" yelled the referee, and Dora Stanhope marched over to the boys.

"We must win the game!" she said, and Dick saw in her face a look that meant volumes. Her remark put new life into the boys, and the game started once more.

"Bun Mar! Augusta Rah!" cried Tom as Dick took the ball, completely disregarding the four hundred pound guard, and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. It was remarkable the way A. M. A. piled up one score after the other, until at the end of the game the score stood:

A. M. A.-39, TERRORS-38.

At this point Major Roller walked out and announced that there were several new books in the library. Tom Rover started humming that old refrain: "It may be so" (etc.) at the top of his lungs and the whole stand enjoyed a good laugh at the Major's expense.

Further adventures of the Rover Boys will be found in the next volume of this series, entitled "The Rover Boys and Their Pea-Shooter," or "Oils Well That Ends Well."

GENTLEMEN; A TRUE STORY

(Since most of us know the names of the two schools in the happening about to be recorded, and a few of us the name of the principal participant, perhaps it is wise to suppress both.)

A member of the faculty of a certain school recently left to teach in another state. Before his departure he had been heard to remark that he was changing to a school where he would come in contact with gentlemen. Under the circumstances we cannot resist recounting the sequel as told us by a pupil of school number 2, suppressing the name of our hero who so earnestly desired good company. Let us call him Mr. X.

Shortly after Mr. X arrived at his Utopia-full of gentlemen, he returned from a short absence to discover his closet had, all of a sudden, acquired a door where there was undoubtedly no door when he left. The fact is, a number of the young gentlemen had visited his room, accompanied by a large and—well—rather prevalent goat. The last mentioned remained there—by

request. Furthermore, it was attired elegantly in the outer garments of our hero, Mr. X;—also by request, we presume, since we cannot believe the unfortunate animal capable of dressing itself even did modesty so direct it. The clothes were not made for a goat, we are told.

Our hero approaches the door and with child-like innocence pulls it back.

Ahem!

Clutching his stomach, our hero staggers up from the bed on the other side of the room, thankful that it was not the corner of the anvil which had hit him.

Then he sees the belligerent goat, dressed in the clothes that were really not made for it, and in a blinding flash he realized that it was the goat and not an anvil that had hit him. (We admire his perspicacity.)

Who knows what thoughts passed through our hero's brain in that crucial second? Perhaps all the evil he had done in his life flashed up before him, and no doubt he wondered at the goat's distorted sense of justice, which blamed him for its present state of degradation. At any rate, throwing caution to the winds he makes a flying leap at his goat-ful of clothes, and our last view of him is in mad pursuit of the poor animal, into the depths of night.

Perhaps there are advantages in being a gentleman.

—F. R. G.

"DONT'S

DON'T sand-blast your differential; our roads take all the paint off free of charge. Visit our charming valley where the little hills rejoice on every hand. Travel over our unsurpassed Thank-you-ma'ams into the puddles beyond.

DON'T repaint your car black; our mud is a matchless henna, with patches of yellow and red to please the esthetic soul.

DON'T take your car apart in a shop. Our ditches do it much quicker and more completely—so completely that you won't be able to get it back together again.

DON'T blow up your tires; they will blow up by themselves when you reach our section of the country where craters

and boulders, with an occasional stump, vary the monotony of driving.

DON'T use a wrench or a screwdriver; our roads were invented before either of these and unscrew everything at once. Even the driver will have a screw loose when he's done.

DON'T use Minimax; a mule costs less and has more kick to him. And if you're going to live down our way

DON'T use a car at all—what's the use?

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Maj. Roller: To give no more penalties.

Col. Roller: To take the corps to Florida next year.

Capt. Gooch: To comb his hair only 12 times daily.

Capt. McDowell: To fall for only one girl a day.

Gresham: To be military like Maj. Jacob.

DuPage: To try every way possible to get a letter from Stuart Hall.

Grady: To trust nothing that travels on less than four legs.

Wilkinson: To do right, and fear no man;

Don't write, and fear no woman.

Boswell: To start an orange grove, and deal in second-hand Fords.

Slemp: Not to get married or deal in second-hand Fords.

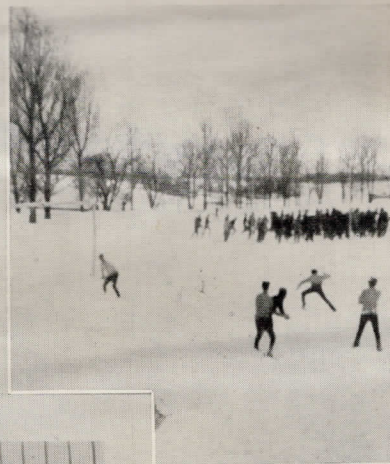
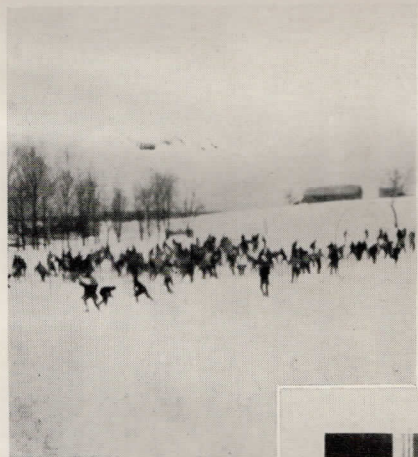
Humbert, F.: To love as he has never loved before.

Capt. Parkins: To stop trifling with the "Rats."

THE ANNUAL SNOW BATTLE

On Saturday, January 9th, came the annual clash between the "rats" and "old men," and from the grand stand Capt. Parkins was heard to remark: "Well, General Sherman was right; 'War is Hell!'" However, the old men seemed to think that the whole thing was quite funny, and ran around tackling, yelling, throwing, as if they thought it might be the Christmas celebration of the Study Hall.

The fracas began on the old battle-scarred Clay Bowl, shortly after the end of school. The fight waxed furious for several minutes, but soon the new cadets, though superior in number, began a slow retreat, firing at every step, until they



reached that old stronghold called "Lilly Valley." There they gathered their forces together for another stand, but a sudden rush down the bank, at the blare of the bugle, set the poor rodents in full retreat.

At the Church grove, the "Nouveaux Garçons" rallied and made a last feeble resistance, but a furious charge drove them in wild retreat across the field behind the cemetery. They struggled on for a hundred or so yards until they were ready to admit defeat and accept the terms of surrender. In single file, and with heads bowed, in accordance with the old custom, they were marched back to the Church yard and made to run the gauntlet between two lines of old men down the hill to "Lilly Valley," amidst a veritable storm of snowballs. No new cadets were tripped or tackled as they ran down the hill, for these were forbidden in the "Laws of War" laid down by Maj. Roller.

The fight was then officially over, and a snow-plastered corps returned to barracks to have itself snap-shotted, and to change into dry clothes, while it cussed and discussed the snow battle of 1926. Long live the custom! —C. B. S. III.

The Doggerel Mill

THE BALLAD OF PASSIONATE TILL

(Tune, "The Capital Ship")

From Charlottesville was the passionate Till,
With the face of a two-year child.
He used to shiek six days a week
And the rest of the time ran wild.

CHORUS

Oh, a shiek he was, and tough,
He never used to bluff.
His face was mild like a two-year child
But he used the cave-man stuff.

Well, the way he'd prance that Charleston dance
Was a caution—take my word.
Tho his face was meek, his nose was a beak
Like the bill of a pelican bird.

And his eye had a gleam which would make it seem
He's not so shy after all,
Which you'd know was right when he'd say "good night"
To his girl in her own front hall.

But a girl named Min, who was ugly as sin,
One day grabbed Till by the ears.
"Oh, kiss me, Shiek,"—with a muffled shriek
He fled in a storm of tears.

With the shivering fright of that awful night
Our hero's health departs,
And he's writing a book—"Why I Forsook
The Game of Busting Hearts."

CHORUS

Oh, a shiek he was, and tough,
He used the cave-man stuff.
He used to shiek six days a week,
But once he got enough!

—F. R. G.

AT REVEILLE

I wish I was a rock
A-setting on a hill,
A-Doin' nothin' all day long
But just a-sittin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd just set still a thousand years
And rest myself, b'Gosh.

HOME

I know a place not far away
Of solitude and peace.
Where no insistant reveille
Can bid my slumber cease;

Where no cold floors await my feet
Upon a winter morn,
No "fall-in" notes my ears shall greet
When warning's scarcely gone;

Where no old men with hungry glee
In search of food are bent,
Who take what e'er they chance to see
And call it Heaven sent!

Where no kind friends beset my way
In search of stamps or glue,
Or want to borrow "Bull, they say,
With pipe and matches, too.

"Where is this place,," you want to know,
I simply call it—home."
"Where you'd so love to roam?
Paradise?" I answer "No!

'RITHMETIC

He said he was teaching 'rithmetic,
 He claimed it was his mission.
 He kissed her once and twice real quick,
 And said, "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack on smack,
 In silent satisfaction,
 She sweetly gave his kisses back
 And whispered, "That's subtraction."

As he kissed her and she kissed him
 Without an explanation,
 They both together smiled and said,
 "That's multiplication."

Then Dad appeared upon the scene
 And made a quick decision.
 He kicked the teacher down the hall—
 "So much for long division."

JOKES

Humbert, F.: "We ought not to have let Bill get away from us."

Williams, C.: "Why not?"

Humbert, F.: "Look, he's color blind and there he is over there flirting with our washerwoman."

"Waiter, its been half an hour since I ordered that soup."
 'Sorry, sir; but you know how those durn cats are."

Two very, very deaf men, going in the opposite directions,
 met:

First Deaf: "Are you going fishing today?"

Second Deaf: "No, I'm going fishing."

First Deaf: "Oh, I thought you said you were going fishing."

Miss (to hotel clerk): "Something is wrong with my room door. I think it is in the keyhole."

Clerk (playing dumb): "I'll look into it tonight."

Diddlebock: "I think football is fine; it gives you such a wonderful carriage."

Jacobs: "Yes, and a couple of Charley horses to pull it."

Slemp: "Bill, what's the difference between high school girls and college girls?"

Boswell: "Well, a college girl generally leaves a guy car fare home."

A Chuckle or So

She: "Is that a popular song he's singing?"

He: "It was before he started singing it."

They say the women are letting their hair come back. We guess their clothes will be the next thing.

Slemp (just returned from a night of Parisian high life):
"Garson, quel ur ate eel? (Hic!)"

Hall Porter: "N'sais pas, m'sieur."

Slemp: "What! Ish it as late as all that?"

Willie, from the playroom mirror
All the mercury sucked off,
Thinking in his childish error
That 't would cure the Whooping Cough.

At his funeral Willie's mother,
Weeping, said to Mrs. Brown,
" 'T was a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

First Sot: "Does she smoke?"

Second Sot: "Mighty near."

Capt. Webb: "As the gym is somewhat *clamp* and *dammy*, the Y. M. C. A. meeting will me *hauled* in the *hell* beneath."

When the younger generation is old, what do you suppose it will tell the next generation that it didn't do?

—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Interne: "What did you operate on him for?"

Doctor: "One hundred dollars."

Interne: "But what did he have?"

Doctor: "One hundred dollars."

She: "I dreamed last night I was dancing with you."

He: "You thrill me to death, darling!"

She: "—and then I woke up to find my kid brother pounding me feet with a flat-iron."

Somebody said that Fitz-Hugh is going to fool 'em.

"SONG OF THE SOT"

I could not love thee, dear, so well
Loved I not liquor more;
It's only when I'm drunk as——
I knock at your front door.
(I got more sense other times.)

Fill in the blank correctly and you will receive a cast iron Easter egg.

Castell: "My girl is a B. V. D. girl."

Humbert: "How come, Pluto?"

Castell: "Born very dumb."

Brooks: "I sent a dollar to a firm for a cure for a horse that slobbers."

Wills: "What did you get?"

Brooks: "A slip of paper on which was written, 'Teach him to spit.'"

Capt. Gooch (from his window): "Hey, you down in ranks there, mark time."

Rat: "With my feet, sir?"

Capt. Gooch: "Did you ever see anything mark time with its hands?"

Rat: "A clock, sir."

Bashful Bill Mayer (to fair hardware clerk): "I would like to see about fifty feet of your hose."

Fair One: "Say, kid, what do you think I am; a centipede?"

Bright: "Have you a chronology of American Lit?"

Diddlebock: "The family had one, but two wheels came off."

Capt. Brown (In French class): "Translate Castell."

Castell: "It's too deep for me, Captain."

Capt. Brown: "Don't hurt yourself climbing down after it, then."

"Greasy" Bolling says "jack" is the sweetest thing in the world.

Grady: "Do you know Maj. Sandlin is a doctor as well as a soldier?"

Holsinger: "How come?"

Grady: "I had the tooth-ache the other night, so I went down to Maj. Sandlin, and he gave it 'At Ease.'"

After a breath-taking rush through traffic the Rolls-Royce at last reached the country, then all at once the chauffeur drew over to the side of the road and stopped.

"What is the matter, James," demanded the occupant of the back seat.

"A flat tire, sir. I think the last pedestrian we ran over must have had a flask in his pocket."

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JUNE 30, 1925

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Investments.....	\$765,091 02	Capital Stock.....	\$100,000 00
United States Bonds.....	87,000 00	Surplus and Profits.....	69,266 14
Furniture and Fixtures.....	20,628 63	Dividends payable July 1, 1925	5,000 00
Cash on hand.....	31,812 99	Circulating Notes.....	81,000 00
Due from Banks 104,212 36	136,025 35	Rediscounts.....	129,635 00
	1,008,745 00	Deposits.....	623,843 86
			1,008,745 00

3% Interest paid in Savings Department

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E. W. Randolph, Cash'r

J. N. McFarland, V.-Pres.
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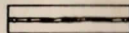
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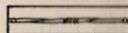
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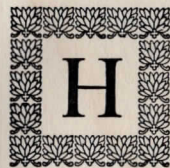
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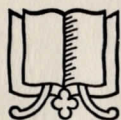
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